

Between the Lines

RUTH TROWBRIDGE

Don't tell me again that one day
 Prince Charming will arrive.
 I remember all those fairy tales—
 Only too well.
 Who could take seriously
 Some guy who'd spend half his life
 Searching for thornless roses in the Snow?
 Or traveling east of the sun and west of the moon?
 Or trying to climb glass mountains?
 His reward is to marry the fair princess
 (Whose opinion is never asked)
 And live happily ever after.
 But what about the princess?
 What's her reward?
 He gets to quaff mead¹ with his cronies,
 Open Parliament,
 And show everyone the picture of him
 Standing on the dragon's head.
 She gets to keep a drafty castle clean,
 Plan the banquets,
 Have the babies,
 And keep from screaming every time someone says,
 "Is your husband *the* Prince Charming?
 You lucky girl!"
 Personally, I'd rather wait for Rumpelstiltskin,
 At least, he'll expect me to think.



¹ **mead:** a wine made from honey